

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### OCTOBER.

The weeks of October! how brightly they gleam,  
When twilight is streaming their branches between;  
The crimson and orange, the green and the gold,  
All forming a picture most fair to behold!  
I follow the wind to the twilight alone,  
And gaze on the wild wind's low, musical moan,  
As it sweeps a dirge for the summer departed,  
A requiem for the beautiful hours.

The skies of October! how soft is their hue,  
When twilight and twilight are blended with blue,  
And fair, dewy clouds float in quiet away!  
Like islands of peace in some beautiful bay!  
And when night draws round her dark mantle of gloom,  
The fair shining stars the deep darkness illumine,  
And glimmer like lights in those mansions of love,  
Which Christ has prepared for his children above.

O, dearer month! best beloved of the year!  
The children of Summer may call thee severe,  
And deem that thy rays should scatter the flowers  
Which blossom so brightly in Summer's gay hours;  
But to us with instruction thou art ever true,  
To show us the path to the Kingdom of God,  
And teach us to love, in the twilight of life,  
The path that leads to the Kingdom of God.

### AUTUMN.

Leaf by leaf the leaves fall,  
Deep by deep the springs run dry;  
One by one, beyond recall,  
Summer beauties fade and die:  
But the roses bloom again,  
And the springs will gleam anew,  
In the pleasant April rain,  
And the summer sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,  
When the springs of gladness fall,  
And the roses in their bloom,  
Drop like maidens worn and pale,  
We shall find some gleam of light  
Like a sunset glow that lies  
Hidden far from mortal eyes,  
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,  
That will spring afresh and new,  
When grief's winter has been fled,  
Giving place to rain and dew:  
Some sweet hope that breathes of Spring,  
Through the weary Winter time,  
Building for its blossoming,  
In the spirit's glorious clime.

## Miscellaneous.

### REDPATH'S REMINISCENCES OF OLD BROWN.

Oswatimie Brown as Seen in Kansas.

MY INTRODUCTION TO OLD BROWN.

I had heard of old Brown from time to time, but never met him nor any of his family, until after the sacking of Lawrence and the destruction of the Free State Hotel and printing offices, I made my first visit to the country south of the Wakarusa.

I went down on horseback; but, being obliged to stop over night at a house near Palmyra, I found, when the morning broke, that my horse had been stolen. I walked over to Prairie City—a municipality consisting of two log huts and a well—and stayed there until afternoon, when a company of United States troops approached, rode up in double-file to the door, and—this "brilliant Zouave movement" accomplished—made me a prisoner of war.

I asked what my offense was?

"You were seen near our camp last night; shortly after you left, we missed two of our best horses."

I answered the captain by laughing heartily at this joke, and explained the reason I had to sympathize with him. I went with him to his camp, where the horses were found! They had wandered away, and were tracked by a squatter, who at once returned with them.

To be thus arrested on suspicion of being a horse thief was too good an opportunity to be thrown away. I wrote a description of the adventure, entitled, "Confessions of a Horse Thief. Now, how the country was covered with guerrillas; Lawrence was in the hands of the ruffians; and to return to Lawrence was impossible. I heard of an old preacher, who lived a few miles off, and who was preparing to go to Kansas City, in Missouri. I went to find him. His house was situated on the Southern side of a creek, which is two or three miles from Prairie City. I was told to go to the cabin of Capt. Carpenter, and there (where armed men were constantly on guard) they would lead me to "Old Moore, the minister."

When men went out to plow, at this period, they always took their rifles with them; and they always worked in companies of from five to ten; for, when they attempted to perform their work separately, the Georgia and Alabama bandits, who were constantly hovering about the region, were sure to make a sudden descent and carry off their horses or oxen. Every man went armed "to the teeth." Whenever two men approached each other, they came up, pistol in hand, and the first salutation invariably was: "Free State or Pro-Slave?" or its equivalent: "What ye from?"

It not infrequently happened that the best sound was a report of a pistol. People who wished to travel without such collisions, avoided the necessity of meeting any one, by making a circuit or running away on the first indication of pursuit.

The creeks of Kansas are all fringed with woods. I lost my way, or got off the path that crossed the creek above al-

luded to; when suddenly, thirty paces before me, I saw a wild looking man, of magnificent proportions, with half a dozen pistols of various sizes stuck in his belt, and a large Arkansas bowie-knife prominent among them. His head was uncovered; his hair was uncombed; his face had not been shaved for many months past. We were similarly dressed—with red-topped boots, worn over the pantaloons; a coarse blue shirt—and a pistol belt. This was the usual fashion of the times.

"Hello!" he cried, "you're in our camp!"

He had nothing in his right hand—he carried a water-pail in his left; but, before he could speak I had drawn and cocked my eight-inch Colt.

I only answered, in emphatic tone, "Halt or I'll fire."

He stopped and said that he knew me; that he had seen me in Lawrence, and that I was "true;" that he was Frederick Brown, the son of old John Brown; and that I was now within the limits of their camp. After a parley of a few minutes, I was satisfied that I was among my friends, put up my pistol, and shook hands with Frederick.

He talked wildly, as he walked before me, turning round every minute, as he spoke of the recent affair of Pottawatomie. His family, he said, had been accused of it; he denied it indignantly, but with the air of a maniac. His excitement was so great that he repeatedly crossed the creek; until, getting anxious to reach the camp, I refused to listen to him until he took me to his father. He then quietly filled his pail with water; and, after many strange turnings, led me into camp. As we approached it, we were twice challenged by sentries, who suddenly appeared before trees and as suddenly disappeared behind them.

BROWN'S CAMP.

I shall not soon forget the scene that here opened to my view. Near the edge of the creek a dozen horses were tied—some ready saddled for a ride for life, or a hunt after the Southern invaders. A dozen rifles and sabres were stacked against trees. In the open space amid the shrub and lofty woods, there was a great fire with a pot on it; a woman was picking berries from the bushes; three or four men were lying on red blankets on the grass; and two fine looking youths were standing leaning on their axes, on guard. One was the youngest son of Brown, and the other was the "Charley" who was subsequently murdered at Osawatimie.

Old Brown himself stood near the fire, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and a large piece of pork in his hand. He was engaged in cooking a whole pig. He was poorly clad; his toes protruded from his boots. The old man received me with great cordiality, and the little band soon gathered about me. But it was for a moment only, for the captain ordered them to renew their work. He respectfully but firmly forbade conversation on the Pottawatomie affair; and said that, if I desired any information from the company in relation to their conduct or intentions, he—as their captain—would answer for them whatever it was proper to communicate.

I remained in their camp about an hour, and went away with a far higher respect for the Great Struggle, and the men engaged in it, than ever I had felt before.

BROWN'S FIRST FIGHT.

A few days after this visit, Mr. Henry Clay Patte—a highwayman, horse thief and burglar in Kansas; a postmaster, Democratic politician, and correspondent of the St. Louis Republican in Missouri—made his appearance near Palmyra, at a creek called Black Jack, for the purpose, boastingly avowed, of bringing Old Brown a prisoner to Westport. He had thirty men. Brown after a few dozen volleys, took them captive with eleven men.

Brown afterwards delivered up these prisoners to Col. Sumner, a cousin of the illustrious Senator from Massachusetts. An incident of this event is deserving of passing record, as an illustration of the fearless character of old Brown. Learning that Col. Sumner, with his company, was in the neighborhood, the Captain determined to pay him a visit, and offered to give up the prisoners, to stand trial, if the Government wished it, for the crime of sacking a free store, and repeated robberies on the highway.

The Colonel told him that the United States Marshal was in his camp, and that it would be his duty to detain him as a prisoner. Brown answered that if the United States Marshal attempted to serve the writ, he would shoot him dead on the spot. The Colonel replied that if the Marshal produced the writ, he would serve it at every hazard.

But the Marshal, although surrounded by a hundred armed soldiers, cowed before the fearless guerrilla chief—fumbled, tremblingly among his papers, and pretended that he had lost the writ!

Brown left the camp unharmed!

JAMES REDPATH.

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### AUTUMN.

Reddy as gold in the chestnut tree,  
When the Autumn passes by;  
No black wind cries the silent sea,  
Which is as blue as a maiden's eye.

The yellow sun through the forest leaves  
Drops a thread of dancing light;  
Young children sing 'mid the barley sheaves,  
And shout at the swallow's flight.

Yet earth is lonely: The woodland fern,  
And the softly murmuring foam,  
Seem ever to bring to the listening ear,  
Sweet songs of an unknown home.

Resolved, That the assertions of that paper to the effect that the Republicans of the city had any connection with the mad, wicked and absurd schemes of the handful of invaders that seized the Government Armory at Harper's Ferry, or that they had the faintest idea that such a plot was on foot, prior to its occurrence, is false and malignant, and instigated with a view to manufacture Democratic capital.

Resolved, That the allegations that Brown had confederates or sympathizers in his treasonable folly, among the Republicans of Washington, is a slander for which the author should be visited with the heaviest penalties of the law.

Resolved, That the members of the Republican Association of Washington adhere to the platform of their party, as adopted in June, 1856, at Philadelphia. They believe that Freedom is national, and that Slavery is sectional, or local, and while they would restrict Slavery to its present limits by Congressional prohibition, they deny all right on the part of the Federal Government to interfere with it in the States.

Resolved, Nevertheless, that we as Southern men by birth, or adoption, claim the constitutional right, freely to discuss Slavery in common with all other matters pertaining to the public welfare, and to urge upon our fellow-citizens of the South the duty and policy of emancipation by wise, peaceful, and gradual means.

Resolved, That, in common with Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Jay and Madison, we regard slavery as morally, and politically wrong; that we mean to maintain these views, and urge them upon the attention of our fellow-citizens in spite of the brutal and cowardly menaces of the organs of a spurious Democracy.

Resolved, That we adhere to the State Rights doctrine of Thomas Jefferson, and while, with that great Apostle of Republican liberty, we dislike slavery, and will never cease laboring for its removal, we stand ready to vindicate the right of the Southern States to control all their domestic affairs for themselves, untrammelled by Federal usurpation or ruffian invasion.

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Mob in Newport, Kentucky.  
THE TYPE OF THE "FREE SOUTH" PIER, AND THE TYPE THROWS INTO THE RIVER.  
—Last evening, about half-past seven o'clock, a mob of some thirty men entered the printing office of Wm. S. Bailey, Newport, Ky., and pried a considerable quantity of type, broke one of the presses, and carried off the "forms," on which the outside of the paper was printed. There were no persons in the office at the time of this visitation, except Mr. Bailey and his family. His four daughters, who set type, and Mrs. Bailey, were present, and begged without avail that their property might be spared. The press would probably have been entirely destroyed, but those who undertook the job found it dirty work, the ink soiling their hands and clothes. Mr. Bailey was warned that he must leave the town, and quit attempting to publish a paper there, or that he would be roughly used and all his property demolished. When the mob first appeared, they informed Mr. Bailey that they proposed to abolish his incendiary sheet. They considered the community unsafe where such a paper was tolerated, and so forth. Mr. Bailey's paper does not rank very high among the journals of the day, but he and his family have long spent upon it their daily labor, and earned with it their daily bread. The paper has been, we believe, a family production. Mr. Bailey writing the articles, his daughters setting the type, and his sons making up the "forms" and working the press. His daughters, who have made a humble livelihood in this way, were not, we are informed, exempt from such insults, last night, as foul language addressed to them could convey. This was perhaps the most gross and cowardly part of the pitiful transaction. We really do not think the peace and prosperity of the city of Newport or the State of Kentucky, would be imperiled by the continuance of the publication of Mr. Bailey's paper. It might be much better for the town, if it were understood that all opinions and their free expression were tolerated there. It is not likely that a single one of the mob was a slave, though our informant declares the men engaged to have been "respectable in appearance." A suggestion being made as to the police, it was remarked by one of Mr. Bailey's daughters that most of the police were present, and if they did not positively aid in the destruction of the property, they certainly did not attempt to do their duty, but were passive spectators of the lawless scene. It is a question whether Mr. Bailey can find any protection under the law, and the thing most likely to happen, is the continued suppression for some time of his paper by mob force. The people and authorities of Newport have a grave question to consider. It is whether there is to be freedom of speech and of the press in their midst—whether an industrious family, who offend against no municipal regulation, nor law of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, shall be protected in their property; or whether there is to be intolerance on the subject of slavery, backed by mob violence. Mr. Bailey may not be a man personally calculated to excite a very great amount of admiration, but he stands for a principle, and his rights should be respected. It is certain that such proceedings as those last night will inflict far greater injury upon the town than upon Mr. Bailey.—Cincinnati Commercial, October 29th.

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